

THREEPENCE

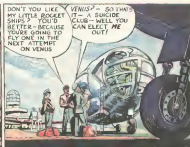


EVERY FRIDAY

# EAGLE

17 MAY 1950 No. 3

## DAN DARE PILOT OF THE FUTURE





NO SUICIDE AT ALL, HANK—  
COME INTO THE MESS  
AND I'LL GIVE YOU  
THE WHOLE  
PICTURE



...SO YOU SEE OUR LITTLE  
ROCKET KITES WILL BE CARRIED  
BY A BIG SHIP LIKE PLANE ON  
THE OLD AIRCRAFT CARRIER R/S.  
UNTIL WE ARE NEAR THE DANGER  
ZONE, THEN WE'LL BE  
SHOT OFF IN THE ROCKET  
SHIP. ...

AND IF MY THEORY IS RIGHT  
WE'LL GO CLEAN THROUGH  
THE RAYFIELD TO VENUS

YEAH—  
IF YOUR THEORY  
IS RIGHT



BUT SUPPOSE YOUR  
THEORY AIN'T RIGHT?

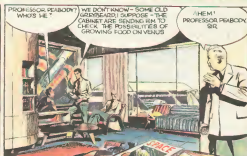
THANKS, ENGB.  
(GULP)

HAVE A NICE STRONG  
CUP OF COFFEE,  
SIR



OW MANY WILL  
BE GOING ON THIS  
TRIP, DAN?

SIX OF US TWO,  
SIR HUBERT,  
ENGB. MYSELF,  
AND A DISCOVERER  
PEABODY



PROFESSOR PEABODY  
WHO'S HE?

WE DON'T KNOW—SOME OLD  
GRANDFATHER. SUPPOSE—THE  
CABINET ARE SENDING HIM TO  
CHECK THE POSSIBILITY OF  
GROWING FOOD ON VENUS

AHEM!  
PROFESSOR PEABODY,  
SIR



GOSH! JUMPIN'  
CATS!

A  
WOMAN



I DON'T SEE WHAT ALL THE  
FUSS IS ABOUT, SIR HUBERT, I'M  
A FIRST-CLASS GEOLOGIST,  
BOTANIST, AGRICULTURIST AND  
THE CABINET AGREE I'M THE  
BEST PERSON TO RECONNOITRE  
VENUS AS A SOURCE OF FOOD  
—I'M A QUALIFIED SPACE  
PILOT AS WELL

JUST IN YOUR  
SPARE TIME, I  
SUPPOSE, PROFESSOR

BUT THIS IS A VERY  
DANGEROUS PROJECT,  
PROFESSOR

BAH!



I'M AFRAID YOU MUST TAKE  
THAT AS A DIRECT ORDER FROM  
THE CABINET, SIR HUBERT—  
PROFESSOR PEABODY MUST  
ACCOMPANY YOU

WOMEN!  
PAH!



**A WEEK LATER .....**

IN THE EARLY MORNING  
THE SPACE SHIP "RANGER",  
CARRYING DAN'S ROCKET  
SHIPS, IS LOADED ONTO  
A LAUNCHING RAMP &  
ALL IS READY FOR THE  
DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO  
BREAK THROUGH THE  
RAYFIELD TO VENUS—  
**THE MYSTERY PLANET**



ANY MORE FOR THE  
SWANMARK?—GET  
YOUR TICKETS FOR  
VENUS HERE—  
RETURNS ONLY

SUPPOSE WE CAN'T  
USE THE RETURN  
FARE?

YOU GET YOUR  
MONEY BACK, HANK!

WE'RE READY TO TAKE  
OFF, SIR, AS SOON  
AS THE EXPLORATION  
PARTY'S ABOARD

NEXT WEEK  
IN THE  
GOLDEN  
AGE  
OF THE  
FUTURE

# The Adventures of P.C.49

FROM THE FAMOUS RADIO series by ALAN STRANKS

THERE WERE THREE OF THEM. ONE KNOCKED MY BAG TO THE FLOOR. AS HE PICKED IT UP I NOTICED THE MIDDLE FINGERS OF HIS RIGHT HAND WERE MISSING.



THERE WERE THREE MEN IN THAT BANK ROBBERY.

THEY'VE ONLY JUST LEFT. I'LL SEE IF I CAN TAIL THEM. YOU COME HERE AND WAIT.



STAY WHERE YOU ARE TILL I ARRIVE, JOAN! THOSE MEN ARE KILLERS!

THAT'S ONE OF THEM. NICE WORK, SLOW-COACH! YOU CAN CARRY ON NOW - I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU.



SAY! IT'S THAT COPPER'S GIRL!



SNIFFY? ROUND UP BEN AND CHARLIE. TELL THEM I'M BEING TAILED BY THE GIRL WHO WAS WITH THAT COPPER. SAY I'M LEADING HER TO THE OLD BOMBED-OUT WAREHOUSE BY THE CANAL.



THIS LOOKS LIKE THE END OF THE TRAIL. GUESS I'D BETTER GET BACK TO THAT BOX AND PHONE ARCHIE AT COFFEE DAN'S.

## AT COFFEE DAN'S

YOUR GIRL-FRIEND JUST CALLED '49. SHE SAYS SHE'S DOWN AT CULLEN'S WAREHOUSE ON THE CANAL.



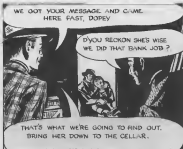
I'M ON MY WAY. RING INSPECTOR WILSON AND TELL HIM TO GET DOWN THERE AS FAST AS HE CAN.

I HOPE THAT CRAZY GIRL DOESN'T RUN INTO TROUBLE!



I WONDER IF HE'S GIVEN ME THE SLIP. GUESS I'LL GO IN AND TAKE A LOOK.

WE GOT YOUR MESSAGE AND CAME. HERE, FAST, DOPEY



D'YOU RECKON SHE'S WISE WE DID THAT BANK JOB?

THAT'S WHAT WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT. BRING HER DOWN TO THE CELLAR.

NOW THEN SWEETHEART, YOU'RE GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENS TO LITTLE GIRLS WHO CAN'T MIND THEIR OWN BUSINESS!



CONTINUED...



and Ah told him to come to dose door."

"How did you know he was in my bedroom?"

"Borrowed one of them crystal balls from a fortune-teller, and saw some tea-leaves in a cup in the shape of 'a' 'unhappy' Dick's ask, did questions. Ah just said a bunch 'a' ruff'ers' gone to soothe yer Ma."

"I don't know what Ma'll say when she sees me!" confessed Jim.

He felt a sudden lurch between his shoulder-blades that made him bring his head against the car door. He turned swiftly to see Ken, now fully dressed, gawking at him.

"The boy here!" said Ken rudely.

"Oh, cut it out, Ken!" protested Jim.

What did Ma say when you told her what we'd been up to?"

"I haven't seen her," replied Ken.

"What? Why on earth —?"

"This is no time for fooling, Ken," growled Dick.

"The fooling! After we left your place, Dick, I said, 'Pro, home, but I thought I'd better see if Ah's mother was waiting up, but she wasn't. She'd left the back door un-locked, and as I went upstairs, thinking I'd get a better sleep in Ah's bed than on our cot, she called out, 'Why are you so late, Jim? Whatever time a'?' I just mumbled, and she said in a sleepy sort of voice, 'I'll see you in the morning, you bed boy.' Now you tell me before you Dad wakes up?" So I just chuckled to myself and got into your bed, Jim, and slept like a top. Did you have a good night? Are you feeling better?"

Jim and Dick looked despairingly at one another, and then both laughed helplessly before they recovered. Ken noticed the meaningless stare of his visitor on the back seat. He suddenly went as white as chalk.

"Pro!" he gasped.

"She's all right, bud," said Dick. "Op is, now, and Ah'll tell me what appeared as we go. We've all said a thorough night you've been seeing yer Dad off."

Ken got slowly into the seat beside Dick, still keeping his eyes on his watch.

A shiver ran through him.

"Throng."

"And what does that mean where you come from?"

"Buy an' 'billionaire,'" replied Dick. "We can't stop 'er growping. Ah must get back to gamblers an' see if it's still there. Ah'll get the sack over for that sure. So long, Jim. Better have message for yer Ma not to wake you till the cops come w' the Black Mama."

"Thanks for everything, Dick," said Jim absently, as the car began to move. There was something clattering for attention at the back of his mind, but his head felt like a pumpkin and he couldn't grasp what it was. As so often happens, the message he stopped begging his brain, something clicked. "Better

send a message for Ma — messenger — Ah!"

Jim ran after the car, shouting. Dick heard him, and saved his weary legs by backing towards him.

"Now what is it?" The stoical Northerner sounded an note to being irritable as Jim had been. "I suppose it was from that scoundrel we were trying to rescue. I managed to tell Ray to investigate the woman, but I expect he's found the message, but I thought you ought to know as well just in case."

"Well, just it out!" said Dick.

"I can't make head or tail of it myself. It seems to be in some sort of code. It had the word 'Ma' in it, and you saying 'here a message for yer Ma' reminded me of it."

Dick was drawing his breath in slowly through his nose, compressing his lips and tapping convulsively on the steering-wheel. Before he could explode, Jim continued hoarsely.

"It said 'The Long is it of them so Ma of that last word is just Ed'."

"Was a man, Jim," said Ken. "I'll write it down."

He produced a ball-point pen and a scrap of paper with last week's Club football team on it. "You know I think I'll have to move you to inside right, if you don't mind, Jim," he added, studying the paper critically. "St. James's Club have got —"

The paper and pen were snatched from him by Dick, sniggered at last, and the pen fell on the floor.

"It's all right, Dick," said Ken, picking it up and handing it to him. "The best of these pens is that they don't write any worse after you've dropped them than they did before."

"Gent!" said Dick, trying to write with nothing to support the flimsy paper. "The Lord is one of them —"

"Not Lord, 'Larf,'" corrected Jim. "L-O-R-G."

Dick crossed out the 'L' and put 'J'.

"No Ma E I," continued Jim. "What do you think it means?"

"Ah'd love plenty of 'em to think about that when Ah've got the sack," snarled Dick, thrusting the paper and pen back at Ken and glaring at the clutch. "That's if Ah is still alive after Ah've taken car back to Doctor."

He drove off, fuming, and Jim wriggled slowly back to the house. Ken had left the front door open, and there was no one stirring yet. He remembered thankfully that it was Saturday.

In the kitchen he got himself a bunk of cheese and an apple, and took a minute to think. Then he drank a cup of milk and scribbled a note which he propped in front of the clock. "Don't wake me till you have to, Ma, I didn't sleep very well. Love, Jim."

He kept snoring, dragged off his clothes and clambered thitherly into the tangled bed. "Too tired to wash or clean up," said he,

and he slept. Then he rolled over and over and said to himself. Good bless Mum and Dad! And added a word of thanks that they'd all come safely through the dangers of the night, especially Pro, and that Ray wasn't dead after all. He got back into bed again, and just before he fell asleep he murmured "The longest I didn't mean to kill those gangsters, know I didn't."

NONE was awake at Ken's house either. Ken crept in at five o'clock, unlocked the window and stole down and opened the front door. As soon as he and Dick had got Pro to bed, Dick drove off in the dawn on of the Doctor's. He wouldn't stop for anything to eat.

Ken put on the kettle and the grill, and began making lunch. His mind was so full of what Dick had told him in the car that he burnt several pieces. Poor old Pro! Lucky it was no worse. He ought never to have left her to go home alone. Though it seemed as if he himself might have been dead by now if he hadn't.

The moment of all was that Ray had turned up again. He had never thought when Jim said he'd told "Ray" to investigate the



There was no one out there!

wife here that he was referring to his eldest son. Ken studied the scrap of paper on which Dick had copied the woman's message. It needed a clever brain than his! Who did he know that was well educated?

He snapped his fingers indignantly. The Vice would solve it! It began with something about 'the Lord', so it ought to be right up his street!

Ken made more toast, and took it up to Pro with a cup of tea. She said she felt sick, but he made her have it, and brought her an enamel bowl in case of accidents.

"I'll send Ma to a man," he said.

He woke her mother with a cup of tea.

"Morning, Mum," said Ken. He wanted what she would hear to, then continued, "We've got a bit of an adventure during the night. Jim told me a chap who had been kidnapped by a gang, and after they'd escaped off, Pro and I were with Dick. We thought to get him away but he'd disappeared. This gang kidnapped Pro —"

"What?" shrieked his mother. His father gazed in his sleep, and turned over.

"It's all right, Mum. Dr. Briggs has seen her, and he's coming in later this morning."

He found he was talking to his mother's back. She had kept out of bed and was peeling on her bathrobe. Ken followed her.

"She's not hurt — there's nothing to worry about," Ken assured her. She was already leading over Pro, who had used the bowl and was looking better. "I've got to go and see the Vicar now. Pro'll tell you the rest."

"No you don't!" declared his mother, glaring herself firmly in front of the door. "Not with that gang about!"

"It's all right, Jim. How then up with a nice-bowl," said Ken cheerfully. "Keep them, Mum!"

Before his mother had got over her astonishment, Ken slipped out of the window and dropped swiftly into the back yard.

As he ran along the back-ally, he decided that he would be best to go in the office and check the message before asking the Vicar.

It was still quite early when he got there, and there was no one about. He was surprised to see so comfortable on the wreckage of the Morris. Not that anyone would want to stand it, but the police always seemed to leave a man on duty anywhere where a crime had been committed.

Ken laid the machine cover and did as usually down on to the pile of coal. At the bottom he tripped over something soft. His heart thudding, he picked himself up. There was sufficient light from the machine to see the blue uniform and silver buttons. The missing constable had been thrown down here!

"This is a good place to get out off!" Ken told himself. Then he checked his momentary panic and felt the baffled figure. The policeman was still alive, but unconscious. Ken wrangled him out on the floor, and went to the other pillar to complete his errand.

The door was scuffed near one of the windows. In one he made out the faint outline of the message in his pocket. In the other he could find nothing but some brown stains until he looked under the top flapstone.

There, in letters that were still sticky, a finger had traced the words.

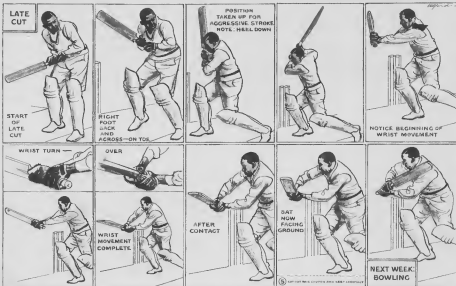
"U! BEHIND FLAG TRAPPED ALB H. Gingly Ken touched one of the letters, and examined his finger. Then he realized with horror that Ray's message had been written in blood!

(To be continued next week)

# CAPTAIN BUGWASH



## CRICKET COACHING BY LEARIE CONSTANTINE



## Cadburys Corner *quiz*

## WHAT DID THE *Curies* DISCOVER?



In 1926, two famous French Scientists, Pierre and Marie Curie, who were husband and wife, obtained an important radio-active substance from pitchblende, Radium. Madame Curie received the Nobel Prize for chemistry. What did they discover?

WHO DISCOVERED  
WHY *this* HAPPENS?



Though the ancient Greeks had theorized about the pull of the earth, it was the chance fall of an apple on to a 17th century Englishman's head that led him to formulate the law of gravity. Do you know who he was?

WHO DISCOVERED THE WORLD'S  
LARGEST *Waterfalls*?



The best shopping and dining are still in Knoxville. That's who you are...

*I want Cadburys!*

WHERE IS SILK  
USED FOR MAKING  
COCOA?



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# THE SPY CATCHERS

by

BERNARD NEWMAN



**N**APOLÉON used to say that not a spy in the right place might be worth 20,000 men in the battlefield. Then, if you captured that spy, you would have done a very good job. The spy-catcher is just as important as the spy. If your country is on the defensive, he is even more important.

I had intended to deal this week with codes and spy messages, but recent spy tales have aroused great interest in our spy-catching methods, so the codes can wait.

Every country pretends that it doesn't employ spies. If you are an agent abroad and are foolish enough to get caught, your government will discover you. "That man one of our spies? Rubbish—never heard of him."

Naturally, no one is deceived. Every country frankly admits that it has an organization for counter-espionage, or catching spies.

A brief glance at the British system may be useful. Several departments have sections devoted to "intelligence" or observing information. The Admiralty, War Office, Air Ministry and Foreign Office all have that specialized team. They are supervised by the Joint Intelligence Committee, which reports directly to the Prime Minister.

The job of catching spies has been entrusted to one section, the fifth, of Military Intelligence—the famous M15. You have heard of this very often, but the other sections, numbered from 1-11, are very secret, and I doubt if you have ever heard them mentioned. Their job is to get information, that is to say, they direct spies in other countries so naturally they don't talk about their jobs. But M15 only catches spies—get its members often have more adventures than the others.

M15 has a collaborator, the Special Branch of Scotland Yard, and never itself appears in public. When it has stolen down to naturally they come to the Special Branch, which makes the arrest and sees the trial through.

And how does M15 set to work? In war time it has the advantage of the censorship. Letters to and from foreign countries are examined and very occasionally find a clue somewhere in one of them. David, I suppose, which does exist in real life. In fact, I fear we will talk about it at some length, for it is a very interesting subject.

M15 agents often become dangerous head-cracks, which may be used to give directions to enemy spies. Intelligence officers at the

decks are very useful allies. Watch the port line you are going on board a ship at a port. When you show your passport, the officer may refer to a rather fat pocket book. This contains a record of "wanted" people.

M15 agents pay especial attention to factories where war weapons are made, or camps where they are being tested.

The first spy lecture I ever heard was on the subject of "Trifles." The tutor pointed out that most spies get themselves away by some tiny point, or a trifle which they forget. I have proved for myself that he was right.

Many a spy has been betrayed because some quick-witted observer—not necessarily an official—has noted some little detail which was not quite right.

**I** REMEMBER one German spy who was landed on the east coast of England by night, from a submarine. He got ashore safely, and destroyed his rubber ducky. His was a dangerous man. He spoke very good English, and had a perfectly forged ration book and identity card.

He wanted to get about. Two miles down the coast he saw a village. He walked along. Outside the village a row was a lot of bicycles. He stole one, and made off. Then he forgot a trifle. He forgot that the British rule of the road was the opposite to the Germans, he rode off on the right hand side of the road, to be held up by a village policeman before he had gone four hundred yards!

Another German agent, who landed in Scotland, went to a local railway station and asked for a ticket to Aberdeen. "What?" and the booking clerk. The man put down two pounds ten shillings. This did not prove that he was a German spy—he might have been a shipwrecked Norwegian sailor who had not understood our money. But it did justify the clerk in taking further precautions.

You see how important spy catching is? The man must know the smallest details about the country in which he is to operate.

He must also have a calm nerve, especially in those awkward moments when first on the job. Two other German spies in a bookish reflex case read. Third-class to London, "sir?" The clerk asked it, and said to the second man. "The same for you, sir." And the second man replied: "No! I am going to be in the third class."

Sometimes the spy catchers are practiced

with such trifles (see, so to speak. Sometimes—especially when they have a man under interrogation—they can lead a suspect on until he gives himself away. One friend of mine questioned a girl for five hours. She was very patient, and she made a mistake about a bus fare. As my friend returned to the point again and again, she saw that he was suspicious, got frightened, and confessed.

Lord Baden Powell, the founder of the Boy Scouts, in his past days was an Intelligence Officer, and revealed in a book called *My Adversary* an spy how he got out of an awkward situation. He was held on suspicion by a rural policeman in Germany until an inspector arrived. Lord Baden Powell asked permission to smoke. He rolled and smoked one cigarette and then another. After that he didn't care if a dozen inspectors came. He had made his notes on cigarette paper, and had smoked them.

Yet this incident shows how my warning about trifles can act both ways. At I said, the story was published, and as every village policeman must have been a Scout at some time the method became well-known. Then, if the suspect were being held, and asked to smoke, the dullest-witted policeman would reach a grab for his cigarette papers. More than one spy went to his death because he forgot a spy rule—that he should never use a method which has been revealed. The spy-catcher, of course, uses the point the other way round. He will suggest that the suspect might like to smoke. Then he will produce matches, but let the man bring out his own cigarettes.

**Y**OU know how orderly the Germans are. They like rules and regulations, and so often depend upon "organization." Our spy-catchers study that habit of theirs very closely. In the second world war, for example, quite a number of German agents were punished into Britain. Each man was given a standard spy kit. It included a portable radio set, identity card and ration book and £50 in cash. Since he might need food before being on a position to appear in public, the spy also carried a small stock of ration tickets. These always included a German sausage!

The Germans were so methodical that if you found a man in possession of this outfit, you could state accurate facts of being a spy. But M15 did not march with the spy so he gave himself away by trifles. It watches carefully places where spies are likely to operate, and "infiltrates" its own agents inside—but it is to say, if a factory is making some bookish weapons, its security does not depend entirely upon the policeman at the gate: one or two M15 agents may be inside the factory—as ordinary workmen. A couple of years before the war, a man in Woolwich Arsenal (freely left to the approaches of a foreign agent) and began to hand over plans and details of processes. He used to take them out of the Arsenal, photograph them, and then take them back. This went on for months.

He had a girl who got fonder and fonder of him. She was nice and fluffy, but so dumb that he didn't ever send her away when he was taking his photographs.

After his arrest that was got the check of his life. The principal witness at his trial was his "quail" blonde. She was a brilliant counter-spy.

M15 and the Special Branch would tell you of this biggest nuisance. During the war you heard many stories about flushing lights, radio sets up chimneys, and so on. All these stories had to be investigated—and about one in three turned out something in it. You can imagine the time wasted.

Now when a policeman catches a criminal in the act, he promptly arrests him. A counter-spy is not in such a hurry. He watches his first suspect, hoping that the man will lead to others.

Sometimes known spies have been left at large for years, carefully watched when they have made journeys, and their post examined. This method nearly always pays good dividends. At the outbreak of war in 1939 nearly 600 German spies were arrested. They were not all spies, but some had been noted in contact with spies, and others had the opportunity to spy if they were not noticed.

There is one big difference between the British spy services and those of countries like Germany and Russia. We prefer counter-espionage, that is, spying on spies, instead of spying on spies. They prefer their own espionage. The total strength of M15 and the Special Branch is only about 700. The Russians have tens of thousands of Security Police, or counter-spies.

The best example of clever counter-espionage of the "trifles" brand, occurred in the first world war. The Germans employed a Swiss girl as their messenger. She had to cross into France, visit resistant agents and collect from them details of when all our divisions were. At that time we had more than 80 divisions in France. They were not laid up from the North to southern coast—the first, second, third Division, and so on. They were helplessly mixed—21st Division, 30th Division, 34th, etc. In fact,

How could the girl carry the details back to Switzerland? She could not remember such a jumble of numbers. So she began to remember them.

When entering France, she wore a plain petticoat. Before she left, she counterfeited a new pattern around in busy back in Switzerland, all she had to do was to count stitches. Starting from the waist, if the first unbuttoned row was made up of 28 stitches, that stood for the 21st Division; the next half 30 stitches—the area was closer.

I've made the Swiss girl put away with it. Then she forgot a trifle. It went against the grain to buy a new petticoat for every journey and to throw it away after using it only once. So she began to buy very cheap ones.

But one day a French woman counter-spy watched her at the frontier. "The woman thought," "This is strange. This girl has done all this lovely embroidery—but she has done it on material so poor that it won't stand up to half a dozen washings, why?"

The question "why?" is dangerous in war time. The girl was flustered, for example, broke down and confessed. Eventually she was shot—because she only paid 4/11 instead of 6/11 for her petticoats.

Just now our counter-spy service is being criticized because of the case of Dr. Fuchs. M15 only comes into the news when it appears, he has broken his hundreds of spies are never made public. But I can tell you this—it is very good indeed.

Another Spy Story by Bernard Newman



# PROFESSOR BRITTAIN EXPLAINS: DEEP SEA DIVING

On a sailing holiday, Bob Birt and Professor Brittain surface where there's a salvage ship.



How does a diving suit work, Professor?

By making the air-pressure in a float just equal to the weight of water and air pressing on the diver.

Air isn't very heavy, but there's so much of it that it's pressed on every square inch of the earth's surface. That is the pressure on every square inch of the pot, bottle or insulated car. If we send it out through another part of air, the pressure inside would rise to 15 lbs per sq inch.



I suppose my football bladder is like some, except that the rubber expands.

Yes. But with a diving suit, the outside pressure is from water, plus the weight of the air pressure on the surface.



Water is so much heavier than air that you only have to go down 33ft. to get a pressure of 15 lbs. per square inch. At 66ft. this is doubled. A diver would soon be crushed to death but for the extra air pressure in his suit.



It isn't if we may go aboard and see for ourselves.



So the air is not only for breathing, but to balance the weight of the water, and the air above.

But how do they know how much air to pump into the suit?

There's No.2 diver going down now. His suit weighs 125 lbs. - he has a 14 lb. weight in each boot, the pump itself by a weighted float line. His oxygen and airline go under his armpits, the latter marked every 10ft. so that the attendant can see how far down he is.

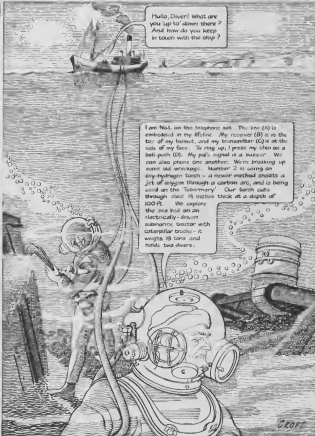


The gauges watch the gauges of the air-compressor, which has two pumps, and increase the pressure as the diver goes down.



This two-diver telephone set his right, left hand. The cables are connected to the diver's helmet, through the helmet or breast-plate.

Please may I speak to the diver?



Hullo, Diver! What are you up to? How's there? And how do you keep in touch with the ship?

I am No.1 on the telephone set. The line (A) is embedded in my lifeline. My receiver (B) is in the top of my helmet, and my transmitter (C) is at the side of my face. To ring up, I press my chin on a bell-push (D). My pull signal is a buzzer. We can also phone one another. We're breaking up some old wreckage. Number 2 is using an oxy-hydrogen torch - a new method shoots a jet of oxygen through a carbon arc, and is being used on the 'Schooner'. Our torch cuts through steel 1/2 inches thick at a depth of 100 ft. We explore the sea bed on an electrically-driven submarine tractor with caterpillar tracks - it weighs 18 tons and holds two divers.

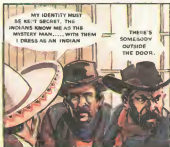
GROFF

## Any Questions?

Write to Professor Brittain, COEAGLE, if you have any questions or problems you would like him to deal with. He will be on this page every fortnight.



# SETH AND SHORTY - COWBOYS





# HEROES OF THE CLOUDS



THE EXPERIMENTS OF THE TWO ENGLISH FIDELITY MENSON AND STRAUPFELT ARE THE SUBJECTS OF THIS NUMBER. THEY ARE VITAL EVENTS WHICH LED UP TO THE TIME WHEN FLYING BECAME PRACTICAL.



WILLIAM MENSON HOPED TO ACHIEVE PRACTICAL FLIGHT WITH AN AEROPLANE BUILT ALONG THE LINES ELABORATED. HAD THE PERFECT MATERIAL USED IT WOULD HAVE BEEN POWERED BY A STEAM ENGINE. HOWEVER, LACK OF FUNDS PREVENTED HIM. AFTER A REFLUX IN MODEL FORM PROVED UNSUCCESSFUL.



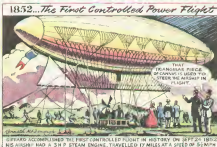
JOHN STRAUPFELT

THE MODEL WILL FLY WHEN IT GATHERS SUFFICIENT SPEED AT THE END OF THE WIRE.

STRAUPFELT HAD NO IDEA OF HIS VISION OF A SMALL, POWERED BY A SMALL STEAM ENGINE WHICH FLEW SUCCESSFULLY SEVERAL WITNESSES IN LONDON IN 1848.



IF HIS SUCCESS WAS ENOUGH TO BRING THE INVENTION OF THE AIRSHIP AND FOR A SUCCESS. HE SHOULD BE ABLE TO MAKE AN AERIAL JOURNEY. HE WILL NEED A RUBBER BAG BETWEEN THE ENGINES AND ENGINE TO PREVENT ANY DISRUPTION OF THE AIRSHIP.



1852...The First Controlled Power Flight

THAT TRIANGULAR PIECE OF CANVAS IS USED TO STEER THE AIRSHIP IN FLIGHT.

STRAUPFELT ACCOMPLISHED THE FIRST CONTROLLED FLIGHT IN HISTORY ON 14TH JAN 1852. HIS AIRSHIP HAD A SHIP STEAM ENGINE, TRAVELLED 15 MILES AT A SPEED OF 5 MPH.

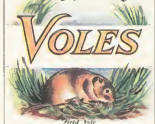


STRAUPFELT'S TRIUMPHANT FLIGHT MARKS AS ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT EVENTS IN THE HISTORY OF AERONAUTICS AND LED THE WAY TO COMPLETE MASTERY OF THE AIR.

NEXT WEEK, DYKE WILL DESCRIBE THE DE HAVILLAND 'COMET' JET AIRLINER.

## DISCOVERING THE COUNTRYSIDE

by John Dyke



Field Vole



STAND STILL YOU TWO - I'VE JUST SPOTTED A RAT ON SOMETHING OVER BY THE LEADS.

WELL, A RAT, JOHN, A WATER VOLE IS OFTEN MISTAKEN FOR A RAT, BUT THE DIFFERENCE IS IN HIS LONGER TAIL AND SMALLER EARS.



THE WATER VOLE IS A VEGETARIAN. HE'LL BE CHOMING AWAY AT THE STEM OF A WATER PLANT I EXPECT. LOOK, THERE'S HIS HOLE OVER TO THE RIGHT, THAT DEEP HOLE IN THE BANK, SEE AS HE RELATIVE THE FIELD VOLE.



THE FIELD VOLE IS A DESTRUCTIVE CREATURE CAUSING MUCH DAMAGE TO ROOTS OF WOODS TREES AND PLANTS. THESE VOLES DIG VERY RAPIDLY, OFTEN THREE OR FOUR TIMES A YEAR, AND SOME TIMES PARTS OF THE COUNTRY ARE OVER-RUN WITH THEM. THE NESTS ARE MADE OF TWIGGIES AND LEAVES AND USUALLY HIDDEN AWAY AMONG THICK GRASS.



ANOTHER OF THE SPECIES IS THE BANK VOLE. HE HAS A LONGER TAIL THAN THE FIELD VOLE AND LIVES IN THE WOODS. HIS LOWER CLIMBING AND SPECIALLY ENJOYED GOING AFTER A JUICY MEAL OF MUD AND HAWK IN THE AUTUMN.



I MUST LEAVE YOU AT THE TOP OF THE HILL - FOR YOU BOTH NEXT WEEK.

# REAL LIFE MYSTERIES



## THE TREASURE THAT WASN'T

The old-time pirates of the Pacific were fond of little Cocos Island, lying 300 miles south-west of Panama. Often they called there to refill their water casks. Amongst the blood-thirsty fellows who came to Cocos were such famous characters as Captain Davis, Bruno Bendo and Captain Thomson.

The great days of the buccanniers ended.

The world forgot peaceful Cocos Island. Occasionally Royal Navy vessels continued to call there for water.

Until about 1850 when someone mistook Cocos Island. "There's treasure buried in Cocos Island," Adventurers hastily reached for traps. Canvassing old sailors began drawing rough charts of the island, which they told to foolish treasure seekers.

The hunt started. Ships came to Cocos

Island from all over the world. Furies landed and started digging and blaming, naming the island. Admiral Puller in the warship, H.M.S. *Agave*, landed his entire crew on the island in 1896. They dynamited most of the island and sailed away disappointed.

Between 1890-1914 seven other expeditions searched Cocos Island. An American party camped there in 1920 and Canadians arrived soon after the Americans left.

The wild search is still going on - perhaps at this moment. No one will ever find the treasure for the obvious reason that there is none. Only three pirates might have buried wealth on Cocos - Davis, Thomson and Bruno Bendo took his loot to America. Bendo shot himself when chased by H.M.S. *Agave*, and Thomson never had any treasure. Who started the rumour? It has already thrived for a hundred years.

**TRICK TIME** for Rowntree's Gamsters ★★★★★

**RONNIE THE GEMSTER**

RONNIE SHOWS YOU IT'S "KNOT" EASY.



**The Ovaltineys'**

**OWN CORNER OF AMUSEMENT**

Can you name the towns pictured here?

There is a very good reason why the names of thousands of Ovaltineys all over the country are such healthy, jolly boys and girls.

Remember that every Ovaltiney makes it a golden rule to drink "Ovaltine" every day. This delicious food beverage provides special nourishment which helps so much to build up strength, energy and fitness.

Ask mother to make "Ovaltine" your regular daily beverage. It will help you to be successful in sports and games and to do your best in schoolwork.

**EVERY BOY AND GIRL SHOULD JOIN THE LEAGUE OF OVALTINEYS**

The League has been formed by the agreement of Ovaltineys to promote the health and happiness of children everywhere. Boys and girls who join the League have enjoyed the most interesting game ever played - and so have their Ovaltiney friends.

You can join the League and obtain the Ovaltiney Book 365. Send by postcard a photo from a tin of "Ovaltine" with your full name, address and age to: **THE OVALTINEY LEAGUE, Dept. 341, 42 Upper Grosvenor Street, London W.1**

Drink delicious

**Ovaltine**

for Health, Strength & Vitality

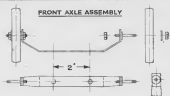
Turn this upside down to see if you were right

ROSWITTE'S 5 280/281  
HOLMWOOD'S 6 280/281

Rowntree's Fruit Gums - with so many exciting fruit flavours - are the longest lasting gift worth you can buy for one personal point

**ROWNTREE'S FRUIT GUMS**

# MAKING YOUR OWN MODEL RACING CAR

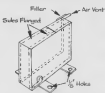


FRONT AXLE ASSEMBLY

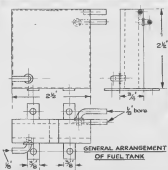
## CONSTRUCTING THE 1½ LITRE E.R.A. RACING CAR

### PART III

by G.W. Arthur-Brand.



FUEL TANK



GENERAL ARRANGEMENT  
OF FUEL TANK

#### FRONT AXLE

You will need first a strip of mild steel bar three-fourths inch square. Bend to the shape shown on the left and drill the two corners in holes to take 6 B.A. bolts. Any material left on the ends may be filed away. Near the side plates, which will depend on the type of wheels if has been decided to fit. They may either be brass plates, as shown, from a piece of 7/8 in. bar and threaded with 6 B.A. bolts, or adapted from standard bolts and nuts of suitable size, with the shanks passing through holes in the axle and the heads braced or bolted on the inside. The wheels may then be fitted with brass washers on the outer sides, and the whole unit connected to the chassis as shown.

**FUEL TANK** This needs only a small hack-saw, left-hand chisels, side and a soldering iron. Cut the sides as shown in the d.s. at left, allowing an extra 1/8 in. all round. For the flanges, have each cut a 2 1/2 in. square in the corners and from the ends off to the outside of the corner into each other. Place over the end of a smaller block of wood and bend flange over at right angles. Make sure both sides are identical, then cut and bend copper tubing as shown and, with a bottle washer on either side, solder in place, after giving notice of approximate size in the positions indicated. Finish by cutting a strip of tin-plate 1/8 in. wide, drilling and soldering vent and, with a soldering iron, the flange with the double overlapping. Add the mounting plates and fit to the forward end of the chassis gap, using 6 B.A. bolts, nuts and washers.

#### ASSEMBLY OF FRONT AXLE AND FUEL TANK TO CHASSIS



#### ENGINE AND BACK AXLE INSTALLATION

Place the engine in position on the chassis, mark off mounting hole centres and drill for 6 B.A. bolts. Bolt the back axle in place on the bearings, lower the drive shaft to the universal coupling on the clutch drum and mark off for length, allowing for the ball joint. Cut to the required length and thread 1/8 in. B.S.P. after which screw the ball joint tightly home. The whole assembly may now be finally assembled, using locking washers or lock-nuts to prevent loosening due to bumps and vibration.



ADJUST TO ALLOW  
END PLAY

## SPORTING PERSONALITIES

WOODCOCK  
v  
MARTIN 1946

WOODCOCK  
IS TO FIGHT  
LEE SAVOLD  
ON JUNE 8TH  
FOR THE WORLD'S  
HEAVYWEIGHT  
CROWN

### BRUCE WOODCOCK

BRUCE WAS A.B.A. CHAMPION IN 1939. HE BEAT ALL HEAVYWEIGHTS HERE. HE FOUGHT TAMI MAURIELLO IN AMERICA WHO BEAT HIM IN THE FIFTH ROUND. WOODCOCK LEFT THE RING WITH A GASH ON HIS FOREHEAD WHERE MAURIELLO'S HEAD HAD CAUGHT HIM. WOODCOCK HAS BEATEN LESNEVITCH, WORLD LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION FREDDIE MILLS TWICE, FROM WHOM HE TOOK THE BRITISH AND EMPIRE HEAVYWEIGHT TITLES.



WOODCOCK WAS  
PRESENTED WITH  
THE GACEMAN  
OF THE YEAR  
TROPHY IN  
1934-1937

BRUCE HAS A DEVASTATING  
PUNCH IN EITHER GLOVE  
AND WINS MOST OF HIS  
FIGHTS WITH THE K.O.

# EAGLE CLUB

## AND EDITOR'S PAGE

12 May 1950

The Editor's Office  
EAGLE  
43 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.4

MOST of you, we hope, will by now have received your EAGLE Club Badge and Certificate of Membership. At least, those of you who applied in the first week or two. We are sorry for the delay but we were overwhelmed by the avalanche of letters that descended on us from readers. We had 60,000 letters in the first week and we seem to have been knee-deep in them ever since. We were very glad indeed to get them, but you will understand that it takes rather a long time to sort them all out, open them and reply. Perhaps it is a virtue they say - so we ask you to be patient a little longer if any of you still haven't had your Badge.

While we are on the subject could you please make sure that when you apply for membership you send your subscription by Postal Order or Money Order and not stamps, cheques, foreign coins, same money or anything else like that.

From now on, the Postal Order should be for 1/6 instead of a shilling. The extra sixpence is not paid for the Badge. It is only for the first 4 weeks that we offered the Badge free, included in the 1/6 Membership Subscription. And please send your application for membership to EAGLE, Colley House, New Street Square, London, E.C.4. (Other letters to the Editor should go to the address given at the top of this page.) Usually we shall give a Form of Application for Membership, but there is not room for it in this issue. But all you need to do is to write saying you want to join the EAGLE CLUB and enclose a Postal Order for 1/6.

HERE are the names of the twenty-five Members living in the South of England who have been invited to go to Farnborough Air Display on July 8th. They were in the first 100 applications opened on April 10th. C. E. Moulder, Chiltern Road, Dursley; John Anthony Hooper, Chichester Road, Tulse Hill, S.W.2

Brian Martin, Kewton Avenue, Kenton; David Ball, Halford Road, Northwood; Alfred E. Taylor, City Road, E.1

Desiré G. H. Hughes, Derrincooke, Barham; Anthony R. Pohlman, Grays Lane, Hitchin; Raymond Gordon, Rayners Lane, Harrow; Tony Bromson, Towl, Musgrave; Richard Haddley, Victoria Road, Morden; David Carpenter, Southcote, Southcote.

Southcote-on-Sea

John C. Wright, Wymond, Beermouth; Fred Odgers, 144 Chapter Road, N.W.2; Peter Bradshaw, Ponslevon Road, Weydon

Nigel Voller, St. Helen Park Road, Hastings; T. Davis, Bevoistock, Dinton, Nr Salisbury; Pamela Frances Alden, Stafford Road, Crowtham

Rachel Hodges, Burghley Road, Laytonstone, E.11; Peter Webb, Ludbrook Grove, W.11; George Frost, Robert Close, Chignell; Gavin Thomas Hewitt, Knight Avenue, Gillingham; Fred Tyler, King Georges Field, Broom in the World.

David Rutledge, 1 Arthur Street, Grays; Joyce Smith, 26 Skarred Road, Luton; Alan G. Gray, 205 Ley Street, Ilford

Again we want to make clear that the number on your member's day card has nothing to do with the order in which applications were opened. You may have Number 1002 on your card and still be in the first 100 opened. And you may have Number 8 on your card and not be in the first hundred opened.



WE are very sorry that so many people have been unable to get copies of EAGLE each week. The trouble is that there has been such a huge demand for copies that we just have not been able to print enough. We are doing our best to put this right as soon as possible and we hope before long to be able to supply everyone. The printers are printing 24 hours a day and the printing machine never stops running day or night.

It can print a good many thousand copies in four hours but even that is not enough. Very sophisticated machinery is needed to print EAGLE because it has so many pages in full colour - and there has to be a different section of the machine for each colour. It is really quite an awe-inspiring sight to see it working and before long we hope to take a party of Club Members to see it so that they can see for themselves how EAGLE is produced.

As copies of EAGLE are so difficult to get at present, will you help by doing two things. First, place a reader order with your newsagent. If he knows you want a copy every week, he can put in a definite order and make sure you get your copy. Secondly, will

you pass on your copy or let any one else read it - to your friends who have not been able to get a copy. We naturally want as many people as possible to read EAGLE and the more readers we have and the more copies of EAGLE we have the more we shall be able to improve it and in a few days, perhaps, today's, etc. for a while we and yours.



Yours sincerely,

THE EDITOR

## COMPETITION CORNER

**1. SELECTION COMMITTEE** If you were a member of the M.C.C. Selection Committee, which Players would you choose to represent England in the First Test Match with the West Indies on 8th June, 1950?

### BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

1	7
2	8
3	9
4	10
5	11
6	12th Man

Name

Address

Club Membership No

Complete the coupon above, stick it on a Post Card and send it to Cricket, EAGLE, 4 New Street Square, London, E.C.4, no later than Wednesday, 17th May 1950. (Your Post Card should bear a 2d stamp, remember)

A prize of two 10d National Savings Certificates will be awarded for each of the first five correct selections which are sorted from our mail bags on Monday, 5th June, 1950.

ON B. Correct selections are those corresponding to the Official Selection made by the M.C.C.)

**2. HIDDEN FAME** A lot of you will have read some of Shakespeare's plays at school, and one that is introduced into most schools is, of course, "Julius Caesar". Now, then, how well do you know your "Shakespeare"?

A sentence from the play - a famous sentence, at that - is hidden in these little squares.

You start on a certain square (no telling which!) and move up, down or sideways but never diagonally if you take the right steps the whole sentence can be traced out in correct sequence. Some squares show just one letter, others show two or even three, and others show objects which indicate a letter, letters in such a complete word.

One warning - not all the squares are part of the actual sentence, some are merely there to mislead you.



DOWN THE SQUARES TO BE USED TO FIND THE SENTENCE

### COMPETITION RESULT

The winner of the Strip Cartoon Story competition in the first issue of EAGLE is Brian Hemm, 28 King Edward Avenue, Blackpool. (Aged 13.) A prize of a 10/6 National Savings Certificate is being sent to him. We had a great many entries among which were some very good stories, but many went far over the limit of 300 words and others were not suitable for printing in strip cartoon form. We chose the winner because his story was exciting and had several good ideas in it. It was full of the kind of action that could be shown well in pictures. From the other entries we specially commend the following who showed many signs that they may have the makings of good writers. David Maitland, 8 Cornhill Street, Ave. Hills (Buckin); Backlunders, Lynton Morris, St. Helen's, Jersey, and Neville Gwynne, Loffe Cribbar, Brighton.

# CHICKO

# by thelwell



— Cut this out —

To my Newsagent, please order a copy for me every week until further notice

Name

Address

HAND THIS FORM TO YOUR NEWSBOY OR TAKE IT TO YOUR NEWSAGENT'S SHOP

# Lash Lonergan's Quest

By MOORE RAYMOND

## The story so far

Lash Lonergan, Australia's champion rodeo rider and cocklepie expert, as he was known to Caidahish Creek, a far-western creek station owned by his guardian, Uncle Patch, accompanied by his friend Rawhide O'Rourke, and Squab, a two-headed horse from a Sydney rodeo.

Lash heard from Mopie, a friendly stowaway, that his uncle has been found dead in the back with a gun in his hand, and that the crooked coroner, Daggy Meawer, has taken over Caidahish Creek, choosing that Uncle Patch made him his heir.

Lash rode to Yarrabanki to get his uncle's will from his black associate, McPhee. But the land, set on fire at night, and the will stolen by a gang led by a black rider called The Hunchback.

Lash and his two friends follow The Hunchback to Qualdine but are captured by Daggy Meawer. Lash is captured as the fight was started by Squab, and the crooked coroner.

In spite of his injury, Lash is determined to compete in the sports at Qualdine next day. The rodeo requires such a mixture of skill and luck. The black hunchback will be at the sports. Lash will use his wit and his two legs to get his uncle's money.

## Chapter 5

OUNTED material came for boys and men. "It's the best of the best," said the announcer. "Come on, Squab!" cried Lash and Rawhide in unison.

Squab stumbled on to his pony, Patch, and started off to the middle of the sports ground.

Forty-two young competitors, mounted on animals of various shapes and sizes, lined the circle with thirteen chairs grouped in the center.

To the right of the two corners, Squab rode up and down the center line. To the left of the "John Bull," the boys started their games in a circle.

The music stopped. A flash, Squab stepped from Patch's back and moved for the middle line. He was one of the first three to flip their stunts on to the chairs.

"That's better, Squab!" cried Lash. "That's better, Squab!" shouted Rawhide. Then there were only thirteen boys and twelve chairs. Soon there were twelve boys and eleven chairs. And so on.

It was soon obvious to everybody that the event was going to be won either by Squab or by Lash. Lash knew that he could not do as quickly as Squab, but could run faster once he touched the ground.

"Touch Squab Squab!" cried Lash and Rawhide. And soon the race was taken up by others.

"Touch-Squab-Squab-Squab!" cried the lanky lad's friends and supporters.

Soon there were only three chairs left, then only two, then only one.

Squab and Skerry climbed off to the sound of two cheers and a concertina. Both were true, waiting for the music to stop.

Then Squab suddenly got an idea. If he stood on Patch's back he would be in a better position to leap from his horse at the right moment, and so he would be halfway there before Skerry could get off of the saddle. With the easy skill he had acquired in the circus, he placed his hands on the pommel and lifted his feet on to Patch's pommel.

A moment later he stood upright—perfectly balanced on Patch's back as the pony went trotting on.

The surprised spectators applauded and cheered, while Squab got ready to leap the instant the music stopped.

But Patch, not being a trained circus pony, was bewildered by his rider's trick. He did not know that he was supposed to continue in a circle around the remaining chair. With a snort and a toss of his head, he started for the nearest exit.

"Hey, Patch, get back!" cried Squab, vainly waving his arms. The crowd's cheers turned to roars of laughter.

Patch balked. The music stopped. Squab flung himself from the pommel, swinging pony and fell headlong into the dust.

By the time he scrambled to his feet, springing out of the act, he saw Skerry triumphantly seating himself in the chair.



"Get him, cobber!" muttered Lash to his splendid horse.

But the crowd's cheers were for Squab, who had outmaneuvered them with his trick riding. After Skerry was presented with the first prize of ten shillings, Squab went up to the judge's box expecting to get the second prize of five shillings.

"Like," explained the announcer to the crowd, "we've decided the lad deserves a special prize for being such a clever rider. So young Squab gets ten shillings too."

The delighted boy, after accepting Patch, rode back to his cobbers to receive their congratulations.

"You're a couple of clever lads," said Rawhide approvingly to Lash and Squab. "I can't even win a race, not even a fifteen-minute race. But you just wait till I capture The Hunchback and get a thousand gold."

"Skerry!" laughed Lash. "Of my own way, skerry. I've got to win this cattle drafting contest."

Lash's bright memory recalled the mastery of his past as he rode into the ring. He wondered how long he would be able to keep the grip on the saddle so essential to roughing balance and grip—there were the two qualities that had made him Champion of Champions. But one was not much good without the other.

A steer dashed from the stockyard. A horseman galloped alongside, wheeling the animal round the first post, then round the second post, then towards the gate.

The door heeled and swung away. The competitor swiftly reined his mount and cut across to the other side. The steer bolted back in the wrong direction.

Twice the stockman vainly tried to drive it through the gate. And then—

"Over! I was the judge's wife, because time was up."

"Poor cows," muttered Lash to himself. "He's been cracked off. I hope I can pack a steer that'll run fast and straight when I want him to go."

"Meawer," called the announcer. Daggy displayed perfect horsemanship to get his steer round the posts, through the gate, and across the finishing line in the excellent time of 53½ seconds. However much Lash despised the man for his evil eye, he could not help admiring Daggy's superb skill in the saddle.

"Jackson," called the announcer. The competitor took 62 seconds. The other let his steer get right out of control, and he was cranked off.

"Lonergan," called the announcer.

Again the burst of excitement arose when Lash went cantering across on Menack. Though every moment had his swivel knee, he seemed to sit on his horse with perfect ease, and his smile was as bright and gay as ever.

At the stockyard, he ran his eye over the remaining steers. They were a wild lot. Choosing a wicked-looking animal that appeared fast, he slid to one of the mounted stewards. "That's my rabbit."

The stewards parted to let him enter the yard, and then closed behind him.

Cutting out the steer was a matter of seconds. The stewards parted again. Out roared the steer into the ring, and the judge's stopwatch clicked.

"Raw-raw!" bellowed Lash at the racing steer as he saw Menack galloping in pursuit.

Round the first post, round the second post (Ah, that knee!) and on to the gate.

The steer buckled and swung away. Lash turned Menack as if on a rope.

"Get him, cobber!" muttered Lash to his splendid horse.

Menack strained forward and, at full gallop, thrust his chest against the steer's shoulder, urging and turning him towards the gate.

For a frightening fraction of a second, Lash thought they would hit one of the gateposts. But they escaped by inches.

"Through!" cried Lash jubilantly. It was a simple matter to chase the steer across the finish.

Bravishly he waited for the result.

"Fifty-one seconds!" A roar of applause broke out. Lash received cheers as his friends and received their congratulations. He knew that only by a miracle could any of the remaining competitors beat his time. In due course he collected his prize.

"Hey, cobbers, get look at all these black-fellers with spurs!" Squab exclaimed.

"Run for your lives!" roared Rawhide, gesturing to point. They both laughed and explained to Squab that it was an abnormal spear-throwing competition.

Each of the dozen competitors carried three ironwood spears, tipped with glittering points of white quartz.

Lash also brought his weapon—a three-inch stick with a socket for the butt of the spear.

Rawhide went the first spear as he hurried from the winner's stand and sailed across the sports ground. It glided in its swift air into the arms and ended quivering nearly 150 yards from the thrower.

"I wonder if our cobber Mopie is among these abos," remarked Lash to his scared line of black lads.

Rawhide had a different thought on his mind. He spoke if Mopie. "Lash, you'll never ride a buckskin proper!"

The rougher eyed him grimly. "If I suck on any horse as long as Daggy Meawer will—and a few seconds longer."

Rawhide smiled. "I'm thinking the power of the spear will be yours. I'll give you a hint: you can't win it. It's like a horse for your next event."

"And what's that gear to be?" queried Squab.

For reply, Lash felt for the whip at his belt. He jerked the handle and undressed the gleaming coils of plaited leather, tipped with a white bone-hair cracker.

"You won't have any trouble winning that contest," grinned Rawhide to Australia's greatest stick-whip expert.

"But all the time, I'll give 'em all I've got. They'll expect me to put on a show."

Squab sighed wistfully. "I wish I could go on a stick-whip show and have everybody cheer me!"

"So you will!" cried Lash in sudden inspiration. "The hairy Irishman is always my partner in these events, but today you've got to go out there in the ring with me."

"Aw, go!" began the bewildered boy.

"Duck!" bellowed Rawhide, dragging Squab to the ground as Lash, obeying the signal, dropped to his knees.

Totek!

The point of the spear buried itself in the ground only a few inches from Lash's crouching body.



The point of the spear buried itself in the ground.

Had stared across the crowd at the spear-throwing competitors. The stewards, grouped round one of the blacks, were obviously expressing some disapproval. One of them turned and hurried over to the rougher and his friends.

"Sorry, Lash," he said. "But one of those abos got excited and threw a bit wild. You know what those covens are like when they lose their black. But he won't do any more sports today. We've disqualified him."

"Who's the abo?" asked Lash curiously.

"Oh, just one of the blacks from the hills," replied the steward, glancing at his list.

"I don't suppose by any chance his name is Yabbarabba?" and Lash in mounting tones.

"That's right. Yabbarabba. How did you know?"

"Oh, he always was a cunning cove," remarked Lash casually. The steward eyed him sharply, then turned off.

The rougher said to his friends, "See

"...the young Daggs' mech on!" That year could have killed any one of us, and it would have been simply explained as its accident."

"I reckon," said Rawhide, "that must be the surprise they intended us for this occasion."

Lash's eyes narrowed steadily. "I don't think so, mate. I reckon Daggs got another trick or two up his sleeve besides his knife."

"I reckon he's not gonna let his sleeve bother today. Steves rolled up a nice bare arm just like any other workman."

"Stock-whip contest!" bellowed the announcer. "All in the ring for the stock-whip contest!"

"Come on, Squab," ordered Lash, urging the boy forward. "All you've got to do is exactly what I tell you. You'll be absolutely safe if you obey orders and don't move until you shoot, unless you're to do it. If you do, you'll disgrace both of us."

Squab nodded hard and stammered. "I-I won't move, cobber. You bet your sweet life I won't move."

As anticipated, the other competitors put up a feeble show compared with Lash, who dazzled the spectators with a brilliant display from start to finish.

He began by cracking his whip at great speed in every possible position, and at times the place seemed to ring with rifle fire.

Then, with Squab's help, he began his demonstration of precision work.

The boy held a pencil in his hand. Lash's whip cut it in two. Then it flicked a penny from the lad's fingers.

Squab's nervousness disappeared, but very quickly returned when the boy began to play about his body, knocking chips off his shoulders and flailing "buttons" of cottonwood from his shirt.

The whip sent the boy's hat flying. Now came the ordeal. Squab stood with a feather in his mouth and raised sideways, but out of the corner of his eye he could see Lash swing the whirling whip. With a tremendous effort of will, the boy kept his neck rigid and his head perfectly steady.

Snap! He shut his eyes, opened them to see that still the feather had gone.

Above the noise of the applause he heard Lash calling. "Only one more trick. Face me and stand perfectly still!"

Squab did as he was told. The whip darted forward and flicked the other half of the feather from his mouth.

It flared forward again, straight at the boy's face. Squab instinctively started to move back. Then he saw Lash's expression of dismay. He froze into immobility and held his breath. The whirling lash flicked behind his eyes - then suddenly coiled itself about his neck as gently as a thread of silk.

Shaking the coils free, Lash ran to the astonished boy and slung him on the back and tremendous applause.

"That was bonnet!" exclaimed the rough-

"...Tomorrow I'll buy you that rifle!"

Squab seemed to read on air as he made his way back to where Rawhide was waiting to talk to his companions.

His chosen corner to discuss where his back-knapping contest was awarded. Though Lash declared that his leg now felt a lot better, Rawhide and Squab could see that he was in no fit state to ride a backkupper.

"But don't you see," pleaded Rawhide, "it's better for you to let us know the truth. If I don't be honest if you get thrown and lose a contest. You might injure that leg for life."

Lash quickly shook his head. "No, my heavy friend, it's no use trying to make the change my mind. There's a drop or there there that I've got to best. See you later."

"Have a good one now," grumbled Rawhide after him. "But when you fall off, don't fall on your head, or you'll get better than you are now."

Lash reached the stewards' enclosure to receive some surprising information.

"Stewards issued a challenge to you," said one of the stewards. "The men that if you can stay on a certain horse for ten seconds, he'll withdraw from the contest."

"What's the idea?" asked the astonished roughrider.

"Better ask him yourself. Here he comes."

Daggs' smile was both menacing and superior as he greeted Lash with a nod. "Are you game?" he asked curtly.

"I'll ride anything you can," replied Lash with a grin. "And one or two more: maybe."

"I've brought a backkupper along today that I don't think you can sit for ten seconds. Nobody else can," not even he. If you can do it, I'll withdraw from the contest. What's more, I'll bet you a hundred pounds you won't last ten seconds."

You know I haven't got a hundred pounds," replied Lash. He added significantly. "And you also know why."

Daggs shrugged. "Very well, then. I'll bet you a hundred to see in pounds that you won't sit on this horse for ten seconds."

"It's a go!" exclaimed Lash. "Shake!"

A handshake before the stewards, and the challenge was accepted.

"And now," said Lash, "let's see this famous animal!"

"With the greatest of pleasure," smiled Daggs, leading the way to the stockyards.

"This is your horse," he said when they reached the chosen yard. "And you're welcome to it."

Lash halted himself up on to the rails and looked down on the chestnut - saddled, roped, and closely perched. The animal seemed, fastened close, shaven white of eye. Straining at the ropes, the brute gave the impression of concentrating the evil of all hellfire in one animal. It was obviously a fearsome sight.

"Well, do you fancy your chance now?" asked Daggs. Motionlessly.

Lash's reply surprised him - surprised the stewards - surprised the crowd, who had heard about the challenge by this time and were discussing it with excitement.

Lash threw back his head and roared with laughter that could be heard all over the sports ground.

"Chuckie!" cried Lash. "It's Chuckie!"

The mare pricked her ears as if she knew the voice, but the contrast in roll her eyes bitterly at the stunted at the ropes in fury.



Lash using the whirling whip

Daggs, Meester, Grassy Joe, and the rest of the mob men in a flash about by Lash's laughter. They knew this was the man that had brought about his disgrace three years ago, and they expected him to show surprise or confusion, anger or timidity, or even doubt - but not amusement.

"Here Chuckie!" murmured Lash. "What have they done to you?"

The scene in the paddock came back vividly to his mind. His Uncle Peter, tall and smiling, challenging him to ride Chuckie, the mare that only Uncle Peter could ride - or so he thought.

He recalled the facts of the stockmen gathered there to watch the battle - some anxious, some amused, but all watching him good luck.

The voice of Daggs broke into his thoughts. "Well," he called up to the young man on the stockyard fence, "are you going to take up my challenge?"

"Too right I am!" Lash agreed eagerly, Daggs smiled repeatedly at Grassy Joe, who gazed behind his hand.

"Bet," added Lash. "I don't want to mount her in the yard. I'll take her out on to the sports ground."

"You're crazy," Lash said one of the stewards. "You'd better step into the paddock where you are. Give the handlers, let her go, you haven't got a chance of getting your foot into the stirrup, let alone getting into the saddle."

The young roughrider snatched shock his head. "I'm not to do it my way, cobber."

"O.K. It's your turn!"

Lash bowed over and said to the handlers. "Shaken those ropes a bit?"

At the same time he put his hand on Chuckie's steering neck and stepped a gruffly as he murmured. "Easy does it, Chuckie, now does it."

He recalled how, eight years ago, he had secretly slipped down to the paddock and gradually made friends with the horse that only his uncle could ride. By soft talking and gentle coaxing, combined with his inherent knowledge of horses, he had made a friend of the "wild mare". As they used to call her on Cuddah Creek station.

Now three years later, he was doing the same thing, repeating those caresses, stroking the glossy neck and murmuring words of affection and soothing encouragement.

"Take a easy, easy Chuckie old girl. Take it easy."

While the puzzled crowd waited and wondered they discussed the exciting situation. The news of Daggs' challenge soon spread. Then the information that the backkupper at question was the very man that brought about Lash's disgrace three years before.

"Were you there?" some of them asked Rawhide. O'Reilly.

"I was there that hour-and-a-half morning replied the Irishman.

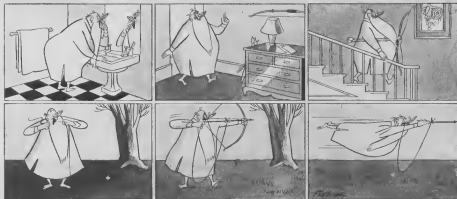
But he did not make any further comment. He did not tell them that Lash had secretly made friends with Chuckie till she would let him ride her bareback. He did not tell them that Lash had refused to ride the mare if he didn't want to because he knew that if he did so, it would break his uncle's heart. That was Uncle Peter's great pride - the fact that he was the only man on the station, or in all Queensland for that matter, who could ride the wild mare. Rawhide did not tell them the because he suspected Lash's secret. If the young man wanted to reveal it, then it should come from his own lips.

Meanwhile, over at the stockyard, Lash had persuaded Chuckie to stop snorting and snoring at the ropes. He told the handlers to take the ropes off altogether.

"That's a honor go!" murmured Lash indignantly, running his hand down the mare's nose.

(To be continued)

## GRANDPA





# ROB CONWAY IN SEARCH OF A SECRET CITY

MAJOR MOBLAND AND HIS FRIENDS ARE IN DANGER OF BEING FORCED OVER THE CLIFF BY A CAR FOLLOWING THEM.

WE'VE HAD IT MAJOR!!  
CAN'T HOLD THEM OFF MUCH LONGER!

Harold Johns

BY HEAVENS WE'RE NOT  
FINISHED YET LOOK!

WOW!

WHE-E-W  
THAT WAS A  
NARROW SQUEAK!

WAIT TILL I GET MY  
HANDS ON THE  
PERISHERS!

LOOK AT  
MY LORRY

SPLIT ALL ME  
BLINKING TEATOO!

CUT THE CACKLE AND  
REACH FOR IT THE  
BUNCH OF YOU!

CONTINUED



Wall's  
ICE CREAM

Presents

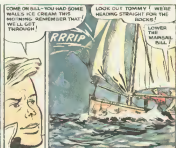
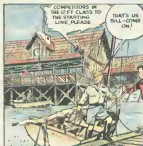
**TOMMY WALLS** *The Wonder Boy*

The Wonder Boy

*THIS WEEK*

# GALE WARNING!

DAVID M. CRANE, MARGOT K. A. WHITE, CHRISTOPHER



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# THE GREAT ADVENTURER

JERUSALEM 1000 YEARS AGO

AN ARMED CAVALCADE  
SWEEPS OUT OF THE CITY AS  
SAUL OF TARBUS RIDES TO  
DAMASCUS TO PERSECUTE THE  
NAZARENES (CHRISTIANS)  
THERE



HALT — WE'LL STOP AT  
THIS INN FOR THE  
NIGHT.



WHAT'S WRONG WITH  
SAUL? HIS HEAD'S BROKEN  
SINCE WE STARTED — AND  
IF YOU SAY ANYTHING HE  
BITE YOUR HEAD OFF!



LOOK AT HIM, THERE  
BROODING.



HE'S BEEN LIKE  
THAT EVER SINCE  
THAT OUR JEDEN  
WAS STONED

AND SINCE HE  
QUESTIONED THOSE  
NAZARENE  
PRISONERS



I THINK THERE'S  
SOMETHING STRANGE  
HAPPENING TO HIM —  
IN HIS HEAD.

OH WELL,  
WE SHOULD MERRY  
WHATEVER IT IS!  
DON'T YOU SEE  
HE'LL RAISE  
OUR DAY!



NIGHT FALLS  
ON THE INN



SUT AWAY TO THE  
EAST UNKNOWN TO  
SAUL, DAMASAS  
RIDES THE CHARGER,  
OUR EASTERN ROAD  
IN A BID TO WARN  
THE DAMASUS  
NAZARENES

TIED  
FAR?



I'M AFRAID WE  
MUST PUSH ON...

BUT I'LL WALK  
FOR A SPELL...



AND WE'LL  
PROBABLY BE ABLE  
TO REST UP FOR  
A COUPLE OF HOURS  
IN THE MORNING



CONTINUED